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CAPE HORN.

CONSIDERING the vast extent of sea-coast that comprises the southern part of the continent of South America, it is not a little surprising that it should have been so frequently passed by during the last century, without having been more visited and explored. Within the last eight or ten years, however, it has been very much resorted to by English and American vessels in the seal trade; and, to the observant portion of their enterprising crews, many of its intricacies are well known; but, as the knowledge they have derived from their experience, has only in one instance, (that of Mr. Weddell's voyage,*) been published, our charts cannot be said to have been much improved for the last fifty years.

Such was the introductory paragraph of a paper, read before the Royal Geographical Society, in 1831, detailing a Survey of the above coast, made in his Majesty's ships *Adventure* and *Beagle*, between the years 1826 and 1830; by Captain Philip Parker King, F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. The coast was simultaneously sur-

veyed by the late Captain Henry Foster, F.R.S., in his Majesty's sloop *Chanticleer*, who there met Captain King, according to an appointment made with him at Monte Video. From the journals of these enterprising navigators, we are made acquainted with many interesting particulars of the scenery and climate of the country, and the customs of its natives, independently of the hydrographical information which was the more immediate object of the above Expeditions.

We shall, however, mainly limit ourselves to a notice of the subject of the above Engraving—the island of Cape Horn, memorable as the southern extremity of South America. This celebrated headland is said to have been discovered by a Dutchman, in 1616; but the honour of the discovery is awarded with fuller justice to Sir Francis Drake, “the first Englishman who passed the Straits of Magellan, or who sailed under English colours in the Pacific Ocean.”—“He advanced much farther to the south than any of the Spanish discoverers. There is little room to doubt that he actually descried the

* A Voyage towards the South Pole. By James Weddell, Esq., Master in the Royal Navy. 1825.

nature of the water. An antiquated native squire, however, at whose house I was a guest, was not of my opinion; and, having by accident a Welsh parson at his table, ordered his butler to tap a fresh cask of ale for his reverence. The parson tasted it after his cheese, but praised it not; which called forth the question, "How do you like my ale, sir?"—"Ale!" replied the ancient Briton, smiling; "we should call it very good small beer in Wales." There was not much of courteousness in this reply, but a great deal of truth.

The renowned Mr. Warde, of fox-hunting celebrity, was once heard to say, in one of his merry moods, that "nothing could lie like a —shire squire." As a parody on his words, I may be allowed to say that, thirty years back, nothing could drink like Welsh squires, which the general hardness of their constitutions enabled them to do with something like comparative impunity. Having lived much amongst them, I could give you very many proofs of their prowess. In fact, they prided themselves on being superior to their neighbours on the borders; and I remember hearing of a relation of my own having boasted that a Cheshire squire was rather a formidable competitor over the bottle, but that no Shropshire gentleman could ever bring out a pimple on his face. Of a real mountain squire, with whose family I am also connected, the following amusing anecdote is related:—A well-known epicure, from the city of Chester, came unexpectedly to visit him, when his housekeeper addressed him in some alarm for the contents of the larder, and no market to be reached under fourteen miles. "Can you give him a good dinner to-day?" asked the squire. On being answered in the affirmative: "Very well, then," he resumed; "*I'll spoil his appetite against to-morrow, or the devil is in him;*" and so he did. I knew a Shropshire lawyer who had one of this genus for a client; and his wife always aired his gouty shoes previous to his annual visit to him, which generally lasted the best part of a week.

A little before my day, but in the same county in which I was born, there was one of the same race—the true race of Ap Shenkin—whose fame for drinking was not, I believe, eclipsed by that of any man. So truly did he associate his darling passion with every act and thought, that when he reached his eightieth year, he was heard to say he had "*tapped* his fourth score." But he was a great eater, as well as a deep drinker; and being a single man, and very rich, his table was supplied with every dainty in season by the following not very unfair bait to those who swallowed it: "I have a little book at home," he would say slyly, in a corner, to such of his friends as had venison, or game,

or any other good things to be eaten, "and in that little book is your name." He departed, however, without making a will, at the age of eighty-six. In spite of their drinking, it was no joke waiting for the "dead men's shoes" of these Welsh squires: if they did not die in the seasoning, as we say of coach-horses on the road, it was a tough job for them to kill themselves afterwards. I knew one, who, at the age of thirty, had so much the appearance of having "drunk up his beer," that the corporation of Liverpool granted him an extravagant annuity for a sum of money he advanced them, and he lived to the age of ninety-three! He was a fine specimen of the old breed of country squires, of about 2,000*l.* per annum; on which I was for many years witness to his doing what cannot now be done on an income a third more than that. He had his coach, his hounds, and setting dogs, which he turned out in very excellent form, and netted a vast quantity of game to them; and he kept an excellent and hospitable house. But from the want of having come much in contact with the world, he had a few most rare vagaries. For example, if dinner was not announced exactly as the stable-clock struck two, he would take the bell-rope in his hand, and never cease pulling it till it was announced. Ditto again at the supper-hour.

Just within my recollection, and only a few miles apart, lived another of these originals, who was both an eater and drinker upon system, known by the name of "Tom Eyton of the Mount;" the Mount being the name of his house. It may scarcely be credited at the present day, but this sporting old gentleman—for he followed field-sports, and lived to a great age—would dine with no one unless on the following conditions:—First, that he had a pewter plate; secondly, a hard batter pudding; and, lastly, a very small wine glass, of a certain pattern, which enabled him to drink a bumper to every toast given. My memory just reaches him; but I have him this moment before me in his brown bob-wig and hunting-cap, leather breeches as thick as a bullock's hide, and mounted on a cropped gelding of very noble appearance, but which now would be reckoned scarcely fast enough for the old Salisbury night coach, if such drag be still on the road. But I could go on producing you a string of such characters as these, such as we shall never see again; yet surely they must have been formed physically superior to the present race of gentlemen, for, in addition to the large quantity of wine they drank after dinner, they would be continually drinking large draughts of ale and beer during dinner. They were, to be sure, for the most part, men of great bulk—consequently, of great stowage; but if their stomachs had been gauged two hours after their dinner, it would have surprised the

half-pint wine-sippers of the present day to have found what a quantity of liquid they contained—and this in addition to the solids. The author of the *Turkish Spy* makes his hero boast of a countryman of his who found, by the feeling of the pulse, that his patient had devoured just four pomegranates and a half; but he does not pretend that the “schygmical art”—everything now must be Greek—could reach the amount of liquids.

Paley says, and says truly, that it is one thing to be drunk, and another to be a drunkard. I am able to produce an excellent illustration of this just distinction in the person and habits of a truly old-fashioned Cheshire squire, who flourished in the days of my youth, and whose equal for native humour, and, indeed, for good humours of all sorts, I have never yet seen. This gentleman was so far removed from a drunkard, that, when at home by himself, a little small beer at dinner, and two glasses of wine (sometimes none of the latter), was his usual quantum; finishing the evening with a walk amongst his workmen in his beautiful park, or perhaps a look at his fox-hounds, of which he was a master for a great many years. Notwithstanding this, I never knew nor heard of his having a party at his own house, or making one at a neighbour's, that he did not get very drunk. Nor was this all. Such was the charm of his conversation—so much of the *urbanus* about him, as Horace calls a pleasant fellow—that it required the aid of philosophy to quit it; and he was, therefore, the cause of many others being also drunk. Then it was amusing to see him, the day following one of these jovial evenings, on the stool of repentance, and protesting against more than a pint of wine that evening. But the pint just did the business—just set his soul afloat; and his usual expression, “I am coming about,” delivered with a *simplicity* so peculiar to himself—“the majesty of which,” Pope says, “is far above the quaintness of wit”—was the certain prelude to another night's debauch. To show, however, how little such occasional outbreaks injure the constitution of a naturally temperate man, who resides in the country, and takes strong exercise, as he did, this worthy man, this true representative of the old Cheshire squire—a character now lost, having taken its departure as Fielding says, with the ptarmigan and the black-cock—reached nearly, if not quite, the age of fourscore and ten; and only a very few years before his death stuck to his bottle for nearly twelve successive hours. The occasional worshippers of Bacchus come off cheaply: 'tis those who imitate the fuddling Silenus that generally drop into an early grave. As a witty old gentleman once said in my hearing of some of his hard-going neighbours, “They never dry their nets.”

By way of showing what a revolution has

taken place in the temperament and habits of country squires within the last forty years, I may state the fact, that it was only from an accidental occurrence that the gentleman of whom I have been speaking, although possessed of 10,000*l.* a-year in land, kept anything in the shape of a carriage. On being remonstrated with by my father, who found him on his back in the road, returning from a jovial dinner-party, and within an ace of being driven over by a carriage-and-four—and this after he had reached his grand climacteric—that he said, in his usual jocose manner, he thought it was “now time to set up a drinking cart,” and he soon afterwards purchased a post-chaise. But everything about this extraordinary character led to some merriment. I remember being in his company one bitterly cold night, when his servant thrice announced his carriage being at the door; but all to no purpose. Coming into the room a fourth time, with a countenance that would well have become Job, he whispered his master that the horses would be starved, and the postilion frozen to his saddle. “Tell John to jumble them about a bit,” was all the consolation he could get; and John very properly “jumbled them” into the stable again.

Public dinners, forty years ago, were serious undertakings in a man who had a soul, for he considered slinking away sober from them tantamount to the desertion of a good cause—

“’Tis your country bids.

Gloriously drunk, obey th’ important call;”
Her cause demands th’ assistance of your throats—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.”

With us, hunt-dinners and race-ordinaries were equally trials, and severe ones, to the constitution, owing to the pernicious stuff in the shape of wine we formerly drank. I was once witness to a ludicrous scene, the consequence of the wine being worse than usual on such occasions—I mean race-ordinaries. It occurred at an inn in Hereford, and the late Duke of Norfolk was present. “Suppose,” said his grace, “we send for the landlord, and, by way of punishment, make him drink a tumbler of his own wine to all our good healths.” The proposal was agreed to *nem. con.* Soon afterwards the duke himself was the toast; when, quaffing a bumper of the vile mixture, which, he said, “was bad to be sure, but much better than none at all,” he made the following humorous speech: “Many thanks, gentlemen, for the honour you have done me in drinking my health. It is a long time since I have given a physician a guinea; and I attribute the very good health I enjoy to drinking such excellent wine, two days in the year, *in your company*, at Hereford races.” Bad as the wine was, however, it was black and strong, and the duke stuck to it until it was past the

time for the horses to start. On being reminded of the hour by his chaplain, and that it was time to be off to the course, his grace facetiously observed, as he arose from his chair, "What a pleasant meeting this would be, *were it not for the races.*" That it was less annoying to this noble duke than to any other noble duke that I can name, to make such a sacrifice as the one I have been describing, I believe I may assert without fear of contradiction: it must, however, have been no great treat to the "King of Wales" to have left his Laffitte at Wynnstay for the Welsh ale at Iscoed Hunt. But if such oblations were more frequently offered by the aristocracy of England to the middle orders than they now are, they would be as gold to silver in their eyes. I don't allude to political meetings; I mean those which relate to our national sports and pastimes.

But from what I heard of them, fifty years back, Welsh hunt-dinners among the mountains generally partook of the rudeness of the country, and uproarious quarrelling was too often the result. The last of these meetings of any note was at a village called Caros, in the county of Denbigh, which was attended by gentlemen of the highest respectability in the northern principality, and lasted, I believe, for some days. Notwithstanding this, appeals to the fist were so common among the members, that it was the remark of a facetious old gentleman in the adjoining county, that when he saw a neighbour on his return from Caros Hunt, the question he put to him was not "What sport?" but "*Who fought?*" Blessed be our stars! such barbarous days have passed away; and Holywell Hunt, in North Wales, now stands high among provincial sporting meetings, although racing is the principal amusement of the week.

I have had a taste, and not a bad one, of Scotch drinking, which was formerly carried to a great pitch, and particularly, I believe, in the good town of Edinburgh. But in some parts of the country, and at certain houses, it was considered an insult to the laird if a guest was able to walk without help to his bed. Thus Burt, in his letters, when describing the hospitality of the house of Culoden, says, that Mr. Hector Scott, father of the late baillie Scott, when a guest there, was, on one occasion, so overtaken by the jolly god as to be unable to rise from the ground, even with help. One of the party approached him with the following line in his mouth:—

"Hector, arise, thou mighty son of Priam:"

when Scott, who was clever at impromptu rhyme, proved by his answer that Bacchus, after all, was no match for Apollo, by immediately exclaiming,—

"Was ever mortal man so drunk as I am?"

I have witnessed some desperate drinking in the Emerald Isle. Indeed, it has been written of the Irish—famed, also, for their hospitality—that they make you welcome by making you drunk. But it is to this generous virtue—excess of hospitality—that excess in wine is in great part to be attributed. Then, again, Irish gentlemen have long been renowned for one incentive to drinking, beyond the excellence of their punch and claret,—namely, the novelty and point of their convivial toasts. This once called forth the cutting remark, that an Irish squire spent one half of his day in inventing toasts, and the other half in drinking them. That they have prided themselves on their prowess in "dire computations" is very well known; and the following anecdote tends to establish this fact. A gentleman from Ireland, on entering a London tavern, saw a countryman of his, a Tipperary squire, sitting over his pint of wine in the coffee-room. "Blood an ounds! my dear fellow," said he, "what are you about? For the honour of Tipperary, don't be after sitting over a pint of wine in a house like this?" "Make yourself asy, countryman," was the reply; "it's the *seventh* I have had, and every one in the room knows it."

Notes of a Reader.

"LIVE-OAKERS" OF AMERICA.

THE following extract from Audubon's *Ornithological Biography* affords an idea of the manner in which the oaks used for naval architecture are obtained in Florida:—

"Our repast was an excellent one, and vied with a Kentucky breakfast; beef, fish, potatoes, and other vegetables, were served up, with coffee in tin cups, and plenty of biscuit. Every man seemed hungry and happy, and the conversation assumed the most humorous character. The sun now rose above the trees, and all, excepting the cook, proceeded to the hummock, on which I had been gazing with great delight, as it promised rare sport. My host, I found, was the chief of the party; and although he also had an axe, he made no other use of it than for stripping here and there pieces of bark from certain trees which he considered of doubtful soundness. He was not only well versed in his profession, but generally intelligent, and from him I received the following account, which I noted at the time.

"The men who are employed in cutting the live oak, after having discovered a good hummock, build shantees of small logs, to retire to at night, and feed in by day. Their provisions consist of beef, pork, potatoes, biscuit, flour, rice, and fish, together with excellent whisky. They are mostly hale, strong, and active men, from the eastern parts of the Union, and receive excellent wages, according to their different abilities. Their labour

are only of a few months' duration. Such hummocks as are found near navigable streams are first chosen, and when it is absolutely necessary, the timber is sometimes hauled five or six miles to the nearest water-course, where, although it sinks, it can, with comparative ease, be shipped to its destination. The best time for cutting the live oak is considered to be from the first of December to the beginning of March, or while the sap is completely down. When the sap is flowing, the tree is "bloom," and more apt to be "shaken." The white-rot, which occurs so frequently in the live-oak, and is perceptible only by the best judges, consists of round spots, about an inch and a half in diameter, on the outside of the bark, through which, at that spot, a hard stick may be driven several inches, and generally follows the heart up or down the trunk of the tree. So deceiving are these spots and trees to persons unacquainted with this defect, that thousands of trees are cut and afterwards abandoned. The great number of trees of this sort strewn in the woods would tend to make a stranger believe that there is much more good oak in the country than there really is; and perhaps, in reality, not more than one-fourth of the quantity usually reported, is to be procured.

"The Live-oakers generally revisit their distant homes in the Middle and Eastern districts, where they spend the summer, returning to the Floridas at the approach of winter. Some, however, who have gone there with their families, remain for years in succession; although they suffer much from the climate, by which their once good constitutions are often greatly impaired. This was the case with the individual above mentioned, from whom I subsequently received much friendly assistance in my pursuits."

WOMAN.

By David Lester Richardson.

THE day-god sitting on his western throne,
With all his "gorgeous canopy of clouds"—
The gentle moon, that meekly disenshronds
Her beauty when the solar glare is gone—
The myriad eyes of night—the pleasant tone
Of truant rills, when o'er the pebbled ground
Their silver voices tremble—the calm sound
Of rustling leaves in noon-tide forests lone—
The cheerful song of birds—the hum of bees—
The zephyr's dance, that like the footing fine
Of moonlight fays, scarce prints the glassy seas—
Are all enchantments! But, oh! what are these,
When music, poetry, and love combine
In WOMAN'S voice and lineaments divine!

—From *Friendship's Offering* for 1836; other extracts from which will be found in the SUPPLEMENT, published with the present Number.

"SO VERY PRECOSE."

WERE it possible to do without beef and mutton, and divers other refreshments for the animal body, I would make larger disbursements upon the intellectual soul, and take most of the periodicals of the present day.

Believe me, sir, yours should not be omitted,—for a greater treat to the general reader cannot, in reason, be demanded, even in these low-priced days, for the small charge of half-a-crown. Also, believe me, the general reader looks for *amusement*. Many, like myself, are too old for *instruction*; and, really, half the world, if not more, are almost inclined to kick at the term, since knowledge has become so vulgar and so cheap. Autopsy omnibusses, jenny-spinning operatives,—all such disgusting jargon has long been in fashion in the cockney world,—and we hear of its spreading into the rural districts. We shall, I conclude, soon hear the farmer telling his *arator* to go to his agrarian operations, and the cleanser of a ditch to his geology. Nor is this any conceit of mine; for I read, in one of those paste-and-scissors compositions which are floating about England, the following absurdity, a few months since. "If a man (a London operative, mind ye!) takes a walk into the country, and picks up a lump of dirt, *that is geology*." Bah! I knew the world in its (comparative) ignorance, and can only say it was then much better behaved than it now is; and so would thousands of the advocates for this twopenny-halfpenny knowledge be obliged to admit, if they looked to facts and not to theory; and that, instead of its being, as Shakspeare says of real knowledge, "the wing wherewith we fly to heaven," it is evidently wafting us t'other road. We had no rick-burners then; very few forgers; no footmen talking about the immortality of their souls when waiting at dinner, at the same time knocking out young ladies' teeth with bread-baskets, as they flounce round the room, which was the case some six or eight months back, in London; and then standing with arms a-kimbo before a London magistrate, when pulled up for the assault. No; the question then was not, "To be, or *not* to be?" but "*to be*," if the master ordered it, and the demand were not unreasonable. But they may kick as they will,—there must and will be a top-sawyer in all civilized countries, so long as the world stands; and we might as well throw the reins upon the foot-board, as Jack Moody did on the Exeter mail, and tell the four horses to "divide the work between them," as to expect the lying axiom as the *Quarterly Review* calls it, of all men being born equal, ever to go down with English gentlemen. But, really, a person who breathed in the last century, appears at present to move in another sphere—so very *precose*, as my French gardener calls early potatoes, has human intellect now become. As for the promising four-year old (see a late *Bristol Journal*), who can read four dead languages, Hebrew one of them, with the types up, or the types down, why, that is not more a proof of the world itself being upside-down than of

the excellent swallow of the Bristol editor, or of his kind friend who furnished him with the anecdote, neither of whom, as we say in the stable, by any means required the assistance of the balling-iron.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

BENEFITS ARISING OUT OF PAIN.

It is a curious circumstance, (says Dr. Garneft,) in his lectures on Zoonomia,) that a moderate degree of pain, when unaccompanied by fever, often tends to render the understanding more clear, lively, and active. This is confirmed by the experience of people labouring under gout. We have an account of a man who possessed very ordinary powers of understanding, but who exhibited the strongest marks of intelligence and genius in consequence of a severe blow on the head; but that he lost these powers when he recovered from the effects of the blow. Pechlin mentions a young man, who, during a complaint originating from worms, possessed an astonishing memory and lively imagination, both of which he nearly lost by being cured. Haller mentions a man who was enabled to see in the night, while his eyes were inflamed, but lost this power as he got well. All these facts show, that a certain action or energy is necessary for the performance of any of the functions of the body or mind; and whatever increases this action will, within certain limits, increase those functions.—(p. 91.)

J. F.

COMPARISON OF MEN WITH ANIMALS.

Of all the species of animals which exist on the surface of the earth, man alone exhibits an excessive disparity in his attainments at remote periods of his history. In animals, each individual attains the complete use of all its faculties; and this, even though successive generations of the tribe be separated from each other by a long lapse of time. With many animals, nothing in the shape of instruction is needed. The insect tribes at once proceed in the course that nature has designed for them. No sooner does the egg burst, than the larva sets itself about the business of its existence; it swims expertly through the water, and seeks out its appropriate food. Led by an unerring instinct, it approaches the surface of the pool, or climbs the stalk of some aquatic plant; and ere the spectator has time to mark the change, it launches off into an untried element, and is undistinguished amid the thousands that have had the long experience of an hour. Some, again, wake to life in the tough bark, and eat their vermicular way through the sap-wood; till, when the metamorphosis draws near, they suck the outer rind, cut it with their mandibles, elevate their elytra, unfold from beneath their delicate wings, and use with the utmost ease their newly-

acquired powers and senses. Ascending (as it is termed) the scale of existence, we find the elements of tuition begin to appear. The birds, for the most part, educate their young; they lead them by short flights to seek their food, and only abandon them after their powers are fully developed. The same remark holds good of many of the quadrupeds. In all cases, however, the powers arrived at are nearly the same, with each individual of a species. But when we reach the top of the scale, how different! The young of the human species receive not merely that tuition which is common to all mammalia, but also a distinct kind of education, which conveys the fruits of the experience of all the preceding generations. Man lives to add to that experience; and though his physical powers reach to their full developement, the entire man knows nothing of maturity. Powers of which our ancestors were ignorant, are now wielded by us; while we, in our turn, are opening the way for other and more transcendent powers to be employed by our descendants. The burrowing bee still uses the same instrument to pierce the downright shaft, and to cluster round it the beautifully smoothed cells. Still she selects the hard-beaten soil, whence the wind may sweep the dust that otherwise would betray her labours. The sand-spider still uses the same cement to form the walls of her retreat, and to weave her branchy net. But man is found at one time burying himself in the ground, at another tearing the rocks asunder to rear magnificent palaces. Here he draws his sustenance from the ocean, there he cultivates the ground; here he clothes himself in the skin of the wild beast, there he wears the delicate web, and prides himself in the splendour of his apparel. With man there is no permanence; every thing is changing, and each season adds to his powers and comfort. He seems to possess an endless variety of appetites, that are only called into action as opportunity offers for their gratification; there lurks within him an immense variety of powers, of which only a few are called into active use by any individual. Among animals, the history of an individual is almost the history of the race; but the story of the life of man is ever changing; and the mode of living of one nation appears incredible to another. Man is possessed of a highly muscular and pliable form, capable of enduring long and vigorous exertion; the tenderness of his limbs prohibits the direct employment of his powers. The animals are invariably supplied with instruments fit for the various operations they have to perform. The bee has the proboscis to reach the nectary; the burrowing animals have claws for digging the earth, and the beasts of prey for tearing their food. But man works by *tools*. The capability of employing inanimate matter, of making it, as it

were, a part of himself, is peculiar to man; only faint traces of that power are to be perceived among the animal tribes. In man it is completely developed; for, on reflection, we at once perceive that almost every operation which we perform, is done by the assistance of tools of one kind or another.—*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

CONSUMPTION OF STAPLE ARTICLES IN ENGLAND.

THE following is an accurate estimate of the home consumption of England in the great staple articles of commerce and manufactures.—Of wheat, fifteen million quarters are annually consumed in Great Britain; this is about a quarter of wheat to each individual. Of malt, twenty-five million bushels are annually used in breweries and distilleries in the United Kingdom, and there are forty-six thousand acres under cultivation with hops. Of the quantity of potatoes, and other vegetables consumed we have no accounts. Of meat, about one million two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, sheep, and pigs, are sold during the year in Smithfield market alone, which is, probably about a tenth of the consumption of the whole kingdom. The quantity of tea consumed in the United Kingdom is about thirty million pounds annually. Of sugar, nearly four million hundred-weights, which is a consumption of twenty pounds for every individual, reckoning the population at twenty-five millions: and of coffee about twenty million pounds are annually consumed. Of soap, one hundred and fourteen million pounds are consumed: and of candles, about a hundred and seventeen million pounds. Of clothing, we annually manufacture about two hundred million pounds of cotton wool, which produces twelve hundred million yards of calico, and various other cotton fabrics; and of these we export about a third, so that eight hundred million yards remain for home consumption, being about thirty-two yards annually for each person: the woollen manufacture consumes about thirty million pounds of wool.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

The Gatherer.

Quin, in his old age, became a great gourmand; and, among other things, invented a composition which he called his *Siamese Soup*, pretending that its ingredients were principally from the East. The peculiarity of its flavour became the topic of the day. The rage at Bath was Mr. Quin's soup; but as he would not part with the receipt, this state of notice was highly inconvenient; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, an apology was made for the absence of the *Siamese soup*. His female friends Quin was forced

to put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was, accordingly, projected by a dozen *bon vivants* of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous letters: abroad beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length, he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the receipt before they departed—an invitation which was joyfully accepted. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housemaid to scour and soak, and, when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles, like minced meat. On the appointed day, he took these particles, and pouring them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, composed a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as *Siamese soup*. The company were in transports at its flavour; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablet to write down the receipt. Quin now pretended that he had forgot making the promise; but his guests were not to be put off, and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither he nor they should quit the room till his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible; but when their patience was bearing down all bounds, his reluctance gave way. "Well, then, gentlemen," said he, "in the first place, take an old pair of boots!"—"What! an old pair of boots!"—"The older the better."—(They stared at each other.)—"Cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water—(they hesitated)—chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water."—"Why, Quin," they simultaneously exclaimed, "you do not mean to say that the soup we have been drinking was made of old boots!"—"I do, gentlemen," he replied, "my cook will assure you she chopped them up." They required no such attestation; his cool, inflexible expression was sufficient; in an instant horror was depicted in each countenance.

W. G. C.

Among the Burmese, everything belonging to the king, has the word *shoc*, or gold, prefixed to it, gold being among them the type of excellence; and the king is never mentioned but in conjunction with that precious metal.

On the return of Count de Segur from America, he brought a negro boy with him, and as they passed through the highly culti-

vated environs of Brest, the boy burst into a loud laugh, and seemed scarcely able to contain himself for joy. "Why, Aza," said the count, "what has come to you?" "Only see, master! only see!" rejoined the boy, roaring with laughter, and pointing to the fields, where a number of peasants were busy digging ditches; "the whites are at work, I declare they are working just as we do!"

Newspaper Reporting.—When the tax on newspapers, proposed by Mr. Pitt, in 1789, was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Drake said that he disliked the tax, and would oppose it from a motive of gratitude, for the gentlemen concerned in writing for them had been particularly kind to him: they had made him deliver many well-shaped speeches, though he was convinced he had never spoken so well in his whole life.

A young preacher, who was holding forth in a country congregation, with rather more show, in the opinion of some, than substance; after discussing certain heads in his way, he informed his audience that he would conclude with a few reflections. An old man who seemed not highly gratified, gave a significant shrug of his shoulders, and said in a low tone of voice, "Ye need na fash, there will be plenty of reflexions, I'se warn ye, though ye dinna make any yersel."

Spanish Epitaph.—The following is a singular epitaph:—"Here lies Don Martin John Barbuda, grand-master of Alcantara, who never knew what fear was."—Charles V. of Germany, on reading the conceited lines, remarked that Don Martin had, probably, never snuffed a candle with his fingers. J. A.

Quills are the *pinions* of one goose, and are sometimes used to spread the *o-pinions* of another.

Duelling.—At a late duel, in Kentucky, the parties discharged their pistols without effect: whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary: "For," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half-hour." J. A.

The Greek women of Asia are *chef d'œuvres* of creation—imagination, grace, and voluptuousness sparkle in their eyes. The female Greeks of the Morea and the Isles have fresh-looking but hard features; and their eyes, dark and fiery, want the sweet, languishing expression which bespeaks mildness and sensibility. The eyes of the one race may be likened to ardent coals; those of the other to a lambent flame veiled by humid vapours.—*De Lamartine.*

Novel ideas must not be judged of by the disdain with which they inspire their con-

temporaries; all great thoughts have been received as strangers in the world.—*Ibid.*

Introducing Songs.—There was a farce called "Gretna Green," acted some fifty odd years ago at the Haymarket, in which it was judged advisable for Mr. Bannister, (we rejoice to hear that he is yet alive, and in good health,) who enacted the lover, to sing a song called "The Siege of Gibraltar." We forget the precise words, but, speaking of some difficulty in which he found himself, he was made to say, in complaining of it, "I declare one might almost as well have been at the Siege of Gibraltar"—up struck the orchestra, and in two minutes he was singing—

September the 13th, prond Bourbon may mourn,

With shot

Red hot

Don Moreno was torn.

Or perhaps a better precedent for the manner in which the duet is introduced, may be found in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," where one of the Kings of Brentford says—

"Now then, to serious counsel let's advance.

And the other answers—

I do agree—but first let's have a dance.

Athenæum.

A collector waited on a penurious person, and solicited his contribution for a public improvement:—"I would advise you to part with what you can well spare," said the collector. "You can enable me to do that," replied the churl; "your company can be very well spared."

Franking.—In May, 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from the Parliament of Ireland for the royal approbation. It contained a clause, that any member, who from illness or any other cause, should be unable to write, might authorize another person to frank for him, provided that, on the back of the letter so franked, the member should give a certificate, under his own hand, of his inability to write. J. A.

Several of our young men of fashion have, it is said, lately adopted the plan of having their clothes made without pockets; and, as their tailors allege, for the best possible reason. J. A.

With the present Number,

A SUPPLEMENT

containing the

Spirit of the Annuals for 1836;

With a fine, LARGE ENGRAVING from the ORIENTAL ANNUAL, Notices and Unique Extracts, Tales, and Poetical Pieces, from the FORGET-ME-NOT, FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, and the LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.

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headland afterwards named Cape Horn. Had he himself written the narrative of his expedition, many proofs would unquestionably remain to us of a sagacious and penetrating spirit, which cannot be supplied from the vague and discordant narratives of his historians. He conjectured that the land to the south of the Straits of Magellan was broken land, or a cluster of islands; an observation repeated by subsequent voyagers, and which modern researches have gone near to verify. It is true that the merit of having first discovered Cape Horn has been claimed by some for a captain of Loyasa's fleet, who, being driven from his course by a tempest, descried to the southward what he called the 'End of the Land.* But it seems more probable that the land seen by the Spanish captain was only the south-eastern promontory of Staten Island.†

Cape Horn is remarkable for its imposing figure and situation, terminating the greatest north and south extension of land on the globe. Captain Basil Hall describes it as presenting a bold and majestic appearance, worthy of the limit to such a continent. It is a high, precipitous, black rock, conspicuously raised above all the neighbouring land, utterly destitute of vegetation, and extending far into the sea in solitary grandeur.

The many disasters which have befallen ships off this cape, the difficulty of getting round it to the westward, and above all, the sufferings of the fleet under Lord Anson,‡ and in the expeditions of Pizarro, induce persons to regard this promontory with more than common interest.

Mr. Weddell observes with respect to the navigation of the Cape, "that many commanders of ships, who have been successful in making a passage round Cape Horn to the westward, have treated with unmerited derision the accounts given by Commodore Anson of this navigation," but our able navigator adds, he is quite satisfied, from his own experience, that the month of March might be productive of all the distresses described by the journalist. Captain Porter, who passed the Cape in the American frigate *Essex*, in 1814, says: "indeed our sufferings, short as has been our passage, have been so great, that I would advise those bound to the Pacific, never to attempt the passage of Cape Horn, if they can get there by any other route." This difficulty is, however, removed by choosing the proper season for the passage, which, when attended to, must, at least, save much time, and wear and tear of the ship. From the middle of February to May, the winds generally between SW. and NW.

* Navarrete, vol. i. p. 360.

† History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. ii. p. 259.

‡ The details of Anson's voyage will be found quoted from Captain Foster's Narrative, in the *Mirror*, vol. xxv. p. 76.

blow with such violence, that no ship need expect to make a passage round the Cape, that is not well equipped: August and September, again, are particularly tempestuous; but, from the beginning of November to the middle of February, and from the middle of May to the end of June, the passage may be easily effected; much depending on the season, as relates to the force of the prevailing westerly winds.

This dependence on the seasons may explain some discrepancy in the reported dangers of the navigation—some voyagers reporting in the safe seasons; for, in an account of the route of the *Arethusa*, from Van Dieman's Land homeward, by way of Cape Horn, 1832–33, the writer states: "the prevailing opinion that the weather off the southern promontory of America is always rough and tempestuous, is certainly ill-founded. This is the third time, (January,) that I have rounded it with the finest weather imaginable; and once, in the depth of winter, I was becalmed three days in sight of this Cape, the darkness alone rendering it unpleasant."§

Captain Foster, in his *Hydrographical Appendix to the Voyage of the Chanticleer*, has investigated the causes of this dangerous navigation; referring it to a strong, easterly set of the sea in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and the set of the flood-tide round the Cape, which appears to come from the south-west; and Captain Foster had reason to believe that the strength of the tide caused some of the irregularities in the north-easterly set of the sea.

Dark and desolate as is the appearance of Horn Island, or the southern extremity of the Cape, the coast is full of creeks, bays, and harbours, which appear to afford excellent shelter for shipping in bad weather. All the land southward is rugged and barren, with the exception of a few valleys, where there are some rivulets of good water; when on shore, you also find luxuriant grass, and some large and beautiful patches of land fit for sowing or planting grain or vegetables.

The *Chanticleer* anchored in one of the largest and most commodious of these harbours, the Bay of St. Francis. It was three months since Captain Foster had left Cape Horn, and accustomed as he had been to the snow-clad precipices of Deception Island, the lofty, naked mountains of the former were objects of novelty and welcome because they were free from snow. Continuing his course into the bay, the Captain entered the second opening on its western side, named St. Martin's Cove. Here all the beauties of the wildest Alpine scenery burst upon the view. As the *Chanticleer* passed into the Cove, a

§ Of all parts of the world subject to storms, that between the Azores and the coast of Britain is the worst. (See Major Rennell's *Current Charts*.)—*Nautical Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 454.

wigwam was discovered, the smoke from which was curling among the trees. Shortly after, a canoe, with several of the Indians, paddled out towards the vessel: they were inclined to go on board, but were not encouraged, until the Chanticleer had anchored in $18\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms of water, again secure from the incessant buffeting of the sea.

The name of Chanticleer was affixed to an island off the entrance into the Cove. Wood and water are abundant in every part, though they cannot always be procured from the steepness of the shores, and the occasional heavy swells. The shores are skirted with kelp, amongst which fish are to be caught with a hook and line abreast of the rills of fresh water that discharge themselves into the sea: abundance of wild fowl may also be taken among the kelp at daybreak, after which they depart for other resorts. In many parts of the Cove, excellent celery is to be found. During the whole stay of the Chanticleer, (two months), at the latter end of autumn, sufficient was daily procured for the ship's company; and although of not so luxuriant a growth as it was found in December, it was considered wholesome.

Of Captain Foster's friendly intercourse with the Fuegians, some interesting details have been quoted in our vol. xxv. p. 74. The Captain also visited Hermite Island, the principal one in the entrance to the noble bay of St. Francis. It is twelve miles long, and seven broad, and so completely broken into hills, that there are scarcely a dozen yards of level ground throughout the island. The space between the hills is mostly wet and swampy, covered with peat moss, and decayed vegetable matter; the hills are clothed to the summit with a dense forest of trees and shrubs, and streams of fresh water tumble down their sides, rendering it unpleasant to walk any distance from the shore. "In fact, from the natural springs of the island and the frequency of rain, a resident here would be compelled to lead a hermit's life. The loftiest mountain is 2,156 feet above the level of the sea. On the hills are several lakes of water, the rocky basins which form them being generally filled to their brim." Among the vegetation are antarctic or evergreen, and deciduous, beech-trees: the former are small, and stunted by the violence of the winds; the wood is crooked and knotty, and fit only for fuel; but the deciduous species, by the change of colour in its fading leaves, which is plentifully sprinkled in groups of dense foliage, adds variety, and an autumnal charm to the whole. Birds are scarce here; no mammalia were seen, and only two or three species of shells were found. Everything was dripping with rain, and under the violence of the wind, the effects of which a few short intervals of calm are not sufficient to compensate.

Hermite Island is not shown in our En-

graving;* in which the loftiest peak is Cape Horn. The rocky projections eastward are the Barnaveldt Islands, which in many places have abundance of fine verdure on them: around are many small rocks, which, however, are not considered dangerous.

The chapter on the Climate of Cape Horn is, probably, one of the most interesting in the Voyage of the Chanticleer, and may furnish the substance of a future paper.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

(To the Editor.)

To those who are fond of lionizing at this season of the year, a remark may not be amiss of the singular fact—that a rook's nest is formed in each of the crowns or coronets on the pinnacles of the White Tower of London—as an addition to the pleasing anecdotes lately narrated in your agreeable miscellany, relative to birds, &c.

The fearless security and perfect ease with which they "possess their homes," render them not the least of the striking curiosities of that remarkable place, affording a strong contrast to the bustle, activity, and martial appearance of the scenes beneath. A report of their habits, instinct, &c., from any admirer of natural history resident near the spot, would be amusingly instructive.

A short abstract from the journal of Mr. Galt during his residence in Athens, dated 26th March, 1810, might be, perhaps, appropriately introduced as companion to the extracts occasionally given from *Jesse's Gleanings*; it requires little comment, save regret—that among the "travelled" with whom the empire abounds, there are so few who think of noting down such interesting observations as the following:—

"In several parts of the city, on the house-tops, are the sacred nests of the storks; a bird which the Turks hold in great veneration. This morning the first of the season arrived; the main body, according to custom, will also be here in the course of a few days. Their coming is not remarkable; but their departure, I am told, is attended with evident signs and preparations for the voyage. Whether they send forward a party to reconnoitre before the general departure, I have not been able to learn; but I think it is probable, considering the advanced guard that so regularly precedes the arrival of the main body. Nor have I been able to find any person, that has been at the trouble to ascertain whether the same flock annually returns, although this might easily be done to a certain degree by putting rings of wire on the legs of some of them. Previous to their departure, I am informed that they are seen in bands, for several days,

* From an original view, in the valuable collection of Captain Fitz Roy, surveying the above coast in his Majesty's ship Beagle; engraved in No. 43 of that very intelligent work, the Nautical Magazine

deliberating, no doubt, as to the day in which they should set out. When the day arrives, they mount aloft, and flying round the city, collect all that are ready; they then adjourn to a particular garden, and ten or twelve go about, as if inquiring or giving orders for the journey, and in the evening all depart.

"Those that have not been able to get their affairs settled in time, or that were left charged with public matters, follow in a few days; and the old or frail, who deem themselves unable to undergo the fatigue of the voyage, take up their residence for the winter in the palace. This last circumstance looks a little fabulous, but the fact certainly is, that several do remain in a domesticated state at the palace; though whether they are the old or the frail, as I am informed, I cannot pretend either to affirm or deny.

"It might, I think, be amusing to observe if the hour of their departure was regulated by the moon, or by any particular position of the constellations. But the Turks are not weather-wise, and the Greeks, because the birds are protected by the Turks, are not disposed to pay them any attention. This morning, the swallows have made their appearance as well as the storks. Last year, a pair built within the door of the Convent hall, and to-day already they have paid their salutations to the friar, and are looking out for a corner. It is certainly the same, otherwise by what strange instinct should they have thought of coming here.

"Besides the swallows and the storks, the Athenians have another set of annual visitors; and they have also begun to arrive. The Greeks call them *Kirkenei*; their Italian name I do not know, and I have never seen any of them in England. They are less in size than the partridge, their plumage is also much brighter; but they bear some resemblance in appearance to that bird. They build under the tiles and eaves of the houses, and fly with open bills, like the swallows, after insects. Not being pleasant to eat, they are little molested by man, and are as tame as a pigeon. The arrival of this sort of birds in a climate where the flies are already becoming troublesome, is, (especially that of the stork,) felicitously fixed, as the young snakes and vipers are beginning to be numerous. The sagacity of storks in seizing the snake is remarkable. They strike the serpent on the head with their bill; and, retreating backwards until they have effectually bruised it, then take hold of it by the neck, and, while writhing and twisting round their head, bear it triumphantly away."

Query—Might not Mr. Galt's hint be followed practically by some zealous admirer of the species, by snaring some of the birds previous to their departure, and letting them loose after affixing some token to them, by which they might be known individually in

other countries? If it could be done, it would be a desirable acquisition to that branch of history, as far as relates to British ornithology, by ascertaining the correctness of suppositions founded sometimes on uncertain assertions.

Mr. Galt also gives the following anecdote, which may not be unacceptable to your readers, concerning that long-disused article of the *Materia Medica*, viz. *the Viper*:—

"In Piedmont, as in Albania, the boys use a cloven stick, and catch the snake by the neck in the cleft; then presenting either a bit of leather or felt to the reptile, it bites it furiously, and, in this way gagging it, they extract its teeth with a knife. The friar told me that the serpents' mouths secrete a saliva which to the touch is excessively cold—that he had experienced the sensation himself, and that, in Piedmont, this was considered the venom, which, entering the wounds made by their teeth, produced the effects that usually follow their bite, adding, as a proof of their medicinal qualities, the following anecdote:—When he was at college, the disease known by the name of the itch, broke out among the students to such a violent degree, that they were obliged to disperse. On returning home, the friar infected his two brothers, and ointments of all sorts were tried in vain. A mountaineer happened, one day, to come into the house; and the mountaineers of Piedmont, like those elsewhere, having experience of the disease, was consulted, and promised to effect a cure in the short space of a single night. Next day, he returned with a large, living serpent in a bag, and ordered a capacious, earthen vessel to be placed on the fire, filled with water and charcoal; the moment the water began to boil, he plunged in the snake alive, and boiled it till only the bones were left. The cookery finished, the broth was placed aside to cool, and, when cold, three shirts of the boys were dipped in it, and dried in the shade. At night, when the boys went to bed, the shirts were put on; and, next morning, the irritability of the distemper had entirely subsided.

"The hills round the valley of Soana, in the department of della Dora, is the great nursery from which the Piedmontese apothecaries obtain their vipers; and, at a certain period of the year, charmers come round with cages to collect the serpents, the holes of which the shepherds and boys of the valley are at pains before to discover, as they are generally rewarded by a small present.

"The charmers place a stick covered with a serpent's skin, upright near the places where the shepherds and boys direct them. Attracted by the smell of the skin, the vipers soon after make their appearance, and the charmers catch them up quickly with a pair of wooden tongs, and put them into the cages. The species of a reddish colour is

most esteemed. The traditional efficacy of viper-broth in restoring debilitated patients is well known." A.C.R.

The Nobelist.

THE SUN-STROKE—AN IRISH TALE.

O matter and impertinency mixed,
Reason in madness.—*Shakspeare.*

DURING the height of the disturbances in Ireland, in 1798, our neighbourhood remained almost free from those scenes of violence by which the face of the island was disfigured in other places. On one occasion, however, and, as it happened, a joyous one, the glimmer of the bayonet was seen among its peaceful groves.

A handsome, whitewashed cottage, retiring a little from the common road, was tenanted by a family of the name of Renisson. A workshop close adjoining, together with a number of new and old ploughs, spade-trees, spars of unhewn timber, and heaps of shavings strewn about the yard, indicated the calling of the possessor, who is still the greatest carpenter in the neighbourhood of the village. His son Edmond, a handsome lad, had been for several months contracted to the daughter of a comfortable "dealing man," in the street; and the family were so much liked, that the whole village took an interest in the union. If happiness be the end of wisdom, philosophers had no advantage over these village tradespeople. With enough to screen them from the asperities of life, without attaching them to a world which they were not created to love, their days flowed cheerily along, undisturbed by ambition, and unchilled by fear.

One circumstance alone had occurred, for many years, to cast a gloom over the domestic pleasures of the tranquil circle. Edmond Renisson had a twin brother named Lewis, so exactly resembling him in countenance and figure, that they might be called the Dromios of the place. Both were handsome, both graceful, and equally versed in all the accomplishments of their rank; both well instructed in the customary walks of rustic education, and both attached to each other with a fondness even exceeding the natural love of brothers. If one were corrected, the other wept with him; if one were sick, the other watched unceasingly by his bed; if one were absent, the other looked but half alive: in every thing their joys and troubles were divided by the truest sympathy, nor did friendship look less lovely in these humble, young artisans, than in spirits the most divinely wrought, and filled with all the wealth of intellectual knowledge.

Their characters, however, even from their early years, began to take a different course. Edmond, the first-born of the two, was dis-

tinguished by the common boyish giddiness and frowardness of spirit, although manifesting rather

The taints of liberty,

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

than positive vice, and was the greater favourite among the young and gay. Lewis, on the contrary, was thoughtful and gentle, and given to piety, for which he incurred no little share of the jests and mirth of his more volatile companions. While Edmond sported the hours away at the dance or the ball-alley, his brother would remain in the chamber of some valetudinarian relative, reading a solid book, or talking on some practical subjects. It thus happened that both had their admirers, and equally numerous; the elder winning the suffrages of those who were only intent on the enjoyment of life, the younger gaining the love and the esteem of those whom time had made familiar with its infirmities.

How often do we see the scourge of affliction pass harmless over the heads of those who are only busy on their own selfish affections and enjoyments, while it will fall heavily on others whose days are devoted to the interests of their fellow-men! Religion has explained to us the mystery, and yet we sigh when the instance is presented to our view. It happened one day that Lewis slept in a field behind their house during several hours, with the noontide fervour of a July sun beating full on his unshaded figure. His brother, returning from a neighbouring fair, found him lying on the grass, and woke him up, when he complained of head-ache, and returned to the house unwell. The medical man, whose assistance was procured by a half-guinea fee, pronounced it a *coup de soleil*, or sun-stroke, and the disorder ran its usual course. Lewis recovered, and seemed for about a month the same as ever.

One day, old Renisson, raising his eyes as he was at work, encountered those of his younger son, which were fixed upon him with a singular expression. In some time afterward, happening to look up again, he was surprised at the same appearance, and said, returning the stare with interest:

"Is it anything that would be ailing you, Lewy?"

No answer.

"What ails you, I tell you? What makes you be looking at me that way?"

Still Lewy made no reply, but continued the same singular gaze.

"You're a dhroll boy, so you are," said the carpenter, resuming his work, and taking no further notice of the circumstance. At dinner, however, and at supper, the same thing occurred, until at length, it was so often repeated during several days, that the old man began to lose patience.

"Don't be lookin' at me that way, I tell

you," he said; "do you hear me again? For what do you be lookin' at me?"

Lewy, however, still appeared to take no notice of these admonitions, until at length, after the rough manner of cottagers, his father had recourse to the cane, in order to compel him to desist. Soon after, other peculiarities began to appear in the conduct of the youth, which indicated some fast-approaching, mental ruin. At meals, the presence of a stranger would prevent his eating. His mother about this time fell ill, and in a short time died. Lewis, during the course of her death-sickness, showed a surprising absence of mind, and the only sign by which the family could perceive that he was anywise conscious of their affliction, occurred on the morning of the poor woman's demise; when, on hearing it announced, he broke out into fits of furious madness, which ended in tranquil but confirmed idiocy.

Enough remained, however, to show that the disease, to whose assaults the reason yielded, had not trespassed on the province of affection. Unable to work or read, his chief occupation was that of nursing an infant sister, whom he guarded with more than maternal assiduity. It was a cruel amusement to some of his old companions to observe the rage with which "Cracked Lewy" would shake his fist and stamp when the slightest insult or annoyance was offered to the baby. "Lewy can't go. Lewy must mind the child," was his constant excuse when any of his family sought to draw him from the house, in order to engage his attention with such cheerful scenes and sports as seemed to them best calculated to restore a healthier tone of thought.

This affection, aided by the instinct of natural love, and heightened by pity, endeared the poor idiot more than ever to his relatives; and, as is generally the case in Ireland, a slight offered by a stranger in this quarter, was much more keenly felt by any of his family than when directed against themselves.

But there is one event related in the village, which still more strikingly manifests the power of the heart, even when the reason is no longer capable of aiding it in the choice of good and evil. One morning, on arising from his bed, Edmond Renisson went as usual to inspect their little field, from which, with consternation, he missed their only cow. Acquainting his family with their mischance, he started immediately in pursuit, carrying with him a favourite dog, which unfortunately had been tied up at the time when the robbery was committed. He did not return till late on the following evening, and, when he did, he brought the cow. He entertained the family a good deal by his account of the many adventures which had distinguished his brief expedition. The

night, he said, he had passed in the mountains, where he saw and narrowly escaped some parties of the rebels, and his cow he had found quietly grazing that morning in a gentleman's park. On his applying for his property, the gentleman, who happened to be with his men, and was a good-natured, cheerful man, informed Edmond that he had purchased her that very morning at a fair, and showed a natural degree of reluctance to lose his bargain. At Renisson's desire, however, he sent the cow to the village by a herdsman, in order to ascertain the truth of the young man's story. This was easily made to appear on their arrival in the village, and after partaking of some refreshment with the family, the herdsman left the cow, and took his leave.

Soon after this transaction, the wedding of Edmond, the joyous event already spoken of, was fixed for a certain day. The landlord of their little holding, who had always taken the kindest interest in their affairs, insisted on having the marriage take place at his own house, where he was to give a feast to almost all the inhabitants of the village in honour of the occasion. At an early hour, a group of young men and women assembled before the residence of the bride, the former decorated with ribbons and kerchiefs of the gayest colours, the latter dressed in white, and bearing baskets of flowers, which they scattered on the nuptial path. Moving to the sound of mirthful music, the gay procession took the way leading to the demesne of their generous patron, leaving few behind them in the village.

Life seldom offers us a scene of joy which contains not an ingredient of its opposite, or a spectacle of virtue without some qualifying stroke of evil to remind us of our frailty. Among the youths who mingled most frequently in those sports, where Edmond Renisson was commonly triumphant, there was one named Guare, a spiteful and malicious lad, who had been from his very childhood remarkable for his envious and quarrelsome disposition, for his idle, drunken habits, and for many other evil qualities. To Edmond Renisson he had long conceived a peculiar hatred, as well occasioned by the superior dexterity of the latter at their rustic exercises, as by a natural malignity of heart. This detestable feeling was carried to its height on Edmond's suit to Mary Fitzgerald, who had rejected Guare more than once without hesitation. For many weeks after the marriage had been arranged, he absented himself from the customary meetings of the villagers, and brooded in secret over the boiling venom of his heart, inflamed by hate and disappointment. The mortification to his own pride, and the sight of happiness in a quarter where his hate was fixed, were the stings that pierced the bosom of this worth-

less being. The merry sounds of preparation for the coming fête were discord to his jealous ear, and he sauntered at evening through the pleasant village, like a fiend astray among the innocent.

On the evening previous to that appointed for the marriage, as he loitered along the road in the neighbourhood of the highway, the following notice posted against an elm-tree near the cross-road attracted his attention:—

“Whereas, on the night of the fifth instant, between the hours of twelve and one o’clock, a number of men having their faces blackened, and provided with fire-arms and other weapons, did burglariously enter the dwelling house of Thomas Hanlon, of the Commons, near —, and there and then did wilfully kill and murder the said Hanlon, he being at that time in the employ of his Majesty’s government as a constable of —.

“A reward of one hundred pounds is hereby offered and will be given to any person or persons who shall give such information, private or otherwise, as may lead to the detection of the persons or any of the persons concerned in the said murder.”

A horrible design suggested itself to the mind of Guare the instant he perused these words. He remembered that the night specified was the very one which Edmond Renisson had spent in the mountains in pursuit of his cow. No sooner had it fully presented itself to his mind than it was embraced and put in execution. A wretch more ready and not less destitute of principle than himself was made the confidant of his detestable scheme, and readily consented to take a share in its guilt and its advantages.

On the morning of the bridal, as Lewis, who had been left at home to take care of the house, was playing with the infant in the sunshine, he was startled by observing the glitter of gun-barrels and the blaze of the dreaded scarlet among the boughs of the elm-row which lines a portion of the street. They halted before the door of Renisson’s house, and a corporal, who commanded the party, advanced to Lewis, and contemplated his figure with much attention. We have already spoken of the singular resemblance that existed between the brother twins. The corporal, after referring to a paper in his hand, and seeming to compare the idiot’s appearance with its contents, addressed him bluntly:—“Your name is Renisson, friend?”

“Aih, a yeh?”

“Come, come, your name is Renisson, Edmond Renisson, is it not? What do you stare at? Have I got three heads upon me?”

“Aih?”

“Aih! Aih! Is that all you have got to say. Come along, I’ll bring you where you shall be taught to cry aih, and ah, and oh too, before we have done with you.”

“Lewy can’t go. Lewy must mind the child.”

“Come, come, you know that will never do with me. Toss that brat some of ye into the cradle, and shut the door. Ay, shake your fist, and grin. We’re up to all that sort of thing, you know. Come along, my tulip. Handcuff that fellow, and bring him away.”

Overpowered by numbers, the afflicted idiot was conducted from the village, and conveyed in the direction of the high-road. After travelling several miles through a flat and boggy country, they arrived in a half-burnt and miserable-looking hamlet, which was crowded with soldiers and country-people, and clamorous as a rookery. It had the misfortune to constitute, at the time, one of those dreadful military courts, at which a semblance of justice was used, as if to heighten the horrors of the certain cruelty which followed its judgments. In one direction the sight of the loaded gibbet, in another the shrieks or groans arising from the horrible triangle, or, still more pitiful, the sound of the rending lash upon the naked back of the silent sufferer; these, and the view of the unburied corpse on the road-side, gave fearful evidence of the presence of civil discord in the land. Whether it was that the strangeness of the situation had produced a strong effect upon the glimmering of reason left him, and lighted it up for a time into a more than ordinary brightness, it is certain that Lewis, when brought before the court, had more the appearance of a rational man than when the soldiers found him with the infant before the door of his paternal dwelling. By the order of examination which was instituted, and the questions which were put, he was able to understand that they mistook him for his brother Edmond; nor did he undeceive them. They had received secret information of his being one of a party who had been guilty of a nocturnal outrage at some distance from his place of residence. The witness who had been suborned by Guare, and whose slight acquaintance with the brothers readily led him into real error, deposed as well to the identity as to the guilt of Lewis. The idiot, though he understood the mistake, did not seek to undeceive them. He was sentenced to be flogged to death at the triangle. Still silent, he suffered himself to be led away toward the spot where this dreadful sentence was to be put in execution.

In the meantime, all was mirth and life at Edmond’s wedding. Tables for the feast were laid upon the green before their patron’s door, and the violin and bagpipe gave animation to the banquet. The priest had now arrived, and all was ready for the nuptial ceremony. Standing on the green, amid a circle of young friends, the bridegroom in his gay attire, awaited the arrival of the messenger, who was to summon him to the house.

At this instant, a peasant was seen running with all his speed from the entrance of the demesne. On seeing Edmond, he hurried toward him exclaiming—"Oh, Misther Renisson! Lewy!"

"What of him?" said Edmond, startled by the apprehension of some sudden accident.

"Carried off by the sogers! heighst away for a rebel before my face! Sure I seen the corporal makin' up to him and axin' him was it Edmond Renisson he had there? an' when he made 'em no answer, they heighst him away with them to the court."

Without waiting to hear more, Edmond rushed from the scene of mirth, and followed by the peasant, pursued a short cut across the fields which led to his own house. Lewis was not there, and the appearance of the child forsaken by its tender guardian sufficiently manifested the truth of the peasant's tale. Judging from the direction which the military had taken, in what place he should be likely to find him, Edmond instantly left the village, and hastened with his utmost speed in the direction of the hamlet in which the court-martial held its sittings.

The poor idiot, in the meantime, was conducted to the dreadful triangle, where he suffered the men in silence to lay bare his shoulders, while the drummer, with many jests, prepared his instrument of torture.

"A fine, clear skin it is, and fit for a gentleman's handwriting. Come, lad, let's see a little more o' the parchment. I'll set you a copy of strokes, though I dare say you'd prefer running hand at the present moment. Tie up his hands. Never fear, lad, 'twill be all one at supper."

At this instant, a cry of "Stop! stop!" was heard at a distance. Lewy, who knew his brother's voice, turned pale as a corpse. In a moment, Edmond was amid the group.

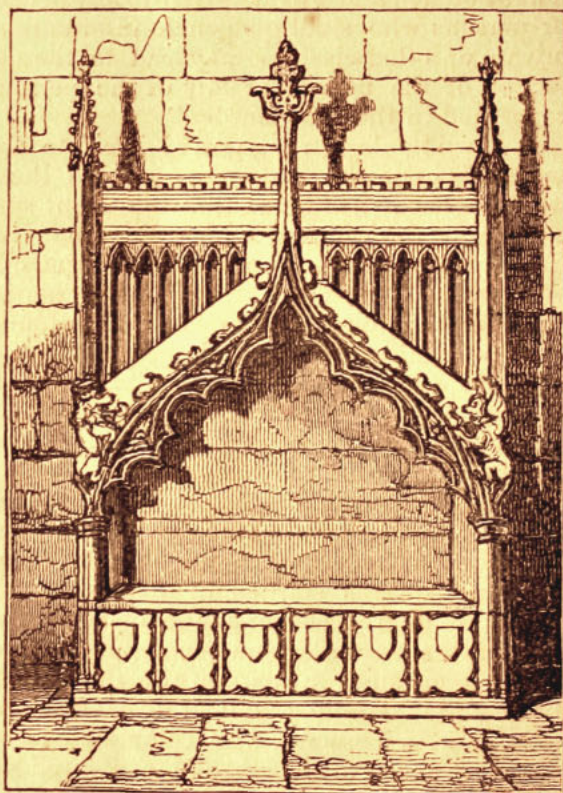
"Let him go!" he exclaimed as soon as he could muster breath—"you have taken the wrong man; I am Edmond Renisson."

The exact resemblance between the brothers, observable even in circumstances so different, struck all the beholders with astonishment. The execution of the sentence was suspended, while the brothers were re-conducted to the court, and the mistake explained. The witness, on whose testimony sentence had been passed on Lewis, was reproduced, and seemed confounded at the sight of Edmond; he persisted, however, in his former evidence, and the judges readily admitted that the mistake as to identity was not material, provided the facts sworn against the idiot could still be proved against his brother. Edmond, being called upon for his defence, accounted clearly for his absence from home on the night in question, and referred for a corroboration of his statement to the gentleman in whose possession he had found the cow. It is not necessary to enter

into detail of the manner in which the innocence of the accused was made to appear, and the treacherous conspiracy brought home to the accusers. Even in these disastrous times, the love of justice, not wholly extinguished, exerted its influence, and the Renissons were immediately liberated, while the perjured Guare and his associate were transmitted to the county prison, to await the consequences of their perfidy. On arriving in the village, Edmond, who could obtain from Lewis no explanation of his extraordinary silence, wished that he should accompany him to the bridal feast, in order to satisfy his family that no harm had happened to him. But this the affectionate idiot resolutely declined, giving the same answer, and in the same tone as he had to the corporal:—

"Lewy can't go—Lewy must mind the child."

Antiquariana.



TOMB OF SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.*

(From a Correspondent.)

ANXIOUS to contribute in illustrating the events of by-gone days, I inclose a sketch of the tomb of Sir John Hawkwood, in the south aisle of the church at Sible Hedingham, Essex.

It is a long, low altar tomb, having, in front, six quatre-foil divisions, each charged with a shield: over this is a beautiful ogee arch, ornamented with tracery, and supported by corbels; that on the dexter side representing a cockatrice, and that on the sinister

• The First English General: his Portrait is engraved at p. 17 of the present volume.

side a lion rampant; above this are twelve long, narrow arches with trefoil heads; the whole being mounted with an embattled cornice. The tomb is supported on each side with a slender buttress, finished with a crocketed pinnacle. The whole is a very good specimen of the sepulchral architecture of the fourteenth century. C. A.

The Public Journals.

A SONG TO THE BELOVED ONE.

"*Durch Fichten am Hügel, durch Erlen am Bach.*"
MATTHISSON.

THROUGH pine-grove and greenwood, o'er hills and
by hollows,
Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows,
And sweetly thou smilest, or veilest thine eye,
While floats the white moon up the wastes of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of dawn,
I see thy light figure in bower and on lawn;
By mountain and woodland it dazes my vision,
Like some brilliant shadow from regions Elysian.

Oft has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold
Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold;
Oft have I upborne through Olympus's portals,
Beheld thee, as Hebe, among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the height,
Re-echoes thy name like the Spirit of Night:
The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on the heath,
Are warm with the odorous life of thy breath.

And oft when, in stillest midnight, my soul
Is borne through the stars to its infinite gaol,
I long to meet thee, my beloved, on that shore,
Where hearts reunite to be sundered no more.

Joy swiftly departeth; soon vanisheth Sorrow;
Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow;
The sun shall be as ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall be king in his glory for aye.

Dublin University Magazine.

WELSH DRINKING.

(Selected from *Memorabilia Bacchanalia*, by Nimrod,*
in *Fraser's Magazine*.)

In my early days, and in the neighbourhood in which I was born—a very aristocratic one, on the borders of Wales—it was the custom in several houses of gentlemen of great possessions to have a cup, in which what was termed the "freedom of the house" was to be drunk by a person on his first visit to it. Some of these cups, though, perhaps, not equal to that of Hercules, which we are told floored Alexander the Great, were of considerable dimensions, none holding less than a quart, wine-measure; and the drinker had the option of the liquor he would drink in it, provided it contained not *aqua pura*. Were it not for some prominent examples by the great men of antiquity, such as that of Cyrus, for instance, who, in the celebrated letter he wrote to Lacedæmon for help, boasted not only of his blood-royal, and his philosophy, but of his being able to drink more wine than his brother, I should be ashamed to say I have drunk at least half-a-score of these cups,

• Author of "The Turf and the Road;" in the *Quarterly Review*.

but was never much the better for them.† At a bowling-green monthly-meeting, in the beautiful village of Overton, on the road between Ellesmere and Wrexham, and on the banks of the Dee, which was frequented by all the aristocracy of the neighbourhood—for such meetings were once not considered *infra dig*—it was usual to accompany the entry of the name of a new member, with the number of tips, or draughts, in which this cup was drunk off by him. I was on one occasion present when the entry made in the handwriting of the member-elect was (here is Alexander again, in his contest at Babylon with Proteas the Macedonian) "half a tip." On being asked what he meant by "half a tip?" he replied, that TO HIM it was (it held a quart, ale-measure!) but half a tip; so he was ordered to drink the cup again, which order he immediately obeyed, and as such was the act recorded in the book. May we hope, however, that, like Uncle Toby's oath, something may have fallen upon it, and "blotted it out for ever."

In the principality of Wales, and upon the borders, it was the custom to put a handsome brown jug, often accompanied by a (silver) fox's head, on the table with the wine. This was on the principle of the rules of Wednesday Cocking, where, the song says, every man dined for a groat, provided he first ate a gallon of broth; for, with port at a hundred and forty pounds a pipe, and claret more than double, it would have been a very expensive undertaking to have satisfied the cravings of a good Mayler-hundred‡ party, without a choker of this nature at starting.

At meetings of a certain description—some hunt-dinners, for instance—nothing but ale was put upon the table; and, strange to say, there was a chosen few of the old sort of Britons, commonly called Ancient Britons, who could drink thirty-two half-pints, or two gallons, at a sitting, and ride home afterwards. Never shall I forget a dose I had at one of these meetings (Iscoed Hunt), at which the King of Wales, as Sir Watkin Williams Wynn is called by the Welshmen, was present; and the consequence was, I could not bear even the sight, much less the taste, of ale for the next six weeks.

Although *cwrw-dda*, or Welsh ale, is very mild, it is very strong, and a Welshman is generally as proud of it as he is fond of it. I one day witnessed an amusing scene, in the county of Gloucester, where a glass of good mild ale is sought for in vain, owing to the

† By the way, will you allow one little note? Did you ever hear the answer one of our own noble lords made to a person who asked him, which could drink most wine, himself, or his noble brother, a good three-bottle man, but also famous for taking especial care of his money. "O," said his lordship, "I have no chance with my brother; he will drink any *given* quantity.

‡ The hundred of Mayler, in Flintshire, was celebrated for hard drinkers.